

FAMOUS MONSTERS #51 AUGUST

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

50¢



IN THIS ISSUE-HE'S HAIRY! SCARY! HORRIFYING!
LON CHANEY IN HIS GREATEST ROLE AS -

THE WOLF MAN

PLUS CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

MONSTER COMICS!



NEW PICTURES OF THE FEMALE FLASH GORDON

BARBARELLA

SEE DEVIL DOLLS!
SPIDER WEB MAN!
THE ROCK MEN!!!!



Come on, gang—the drink's on me! If you enjoy a Choka-Ghoula, you'll love this issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS. It's both the hottest mag on the noosestands *and* the coolest—or my name isn't Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND
INCORPORATING MONSTER WORLD

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YOU AXED FOR IT
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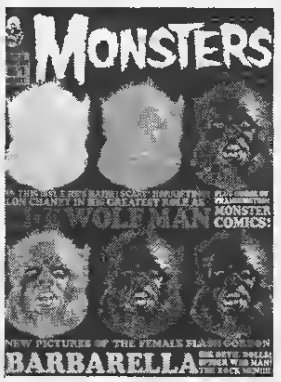
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NO. 51 AUGUST 1968



OUR COVER: Oliver Reed strikes again in THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF. By Basil Gogos, of curse!



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When Hairy Larry croons his sweetheart sighs and swoons. (Lon Chaney Jr. gives Evelyn Ankers "the treatment" in 1941 Universal classic of horror.)



Even as a child, Larry Talbot wolfed down his food. His first words were "Woof Woof." He was the first kid on the block to sprout a mustache. (At 3?) Did it all MEAN SOMETHING? Only Lon Chaney Jr. knew, and he wasn't talking while the moon was full. "Even a man who is pure in heart—" may want to raise a little howl now & then!

THE WOLF MAN



CHANEY... LUGOSI ...RAINS... RELIVE A NIGHTMARE IN THIS WEREWOLF CLASSIC

FILMBOOK
BY G. JOHN EDWARDS & BILL WARREN

YOUNG Larry Talbot *(Lon Chaney Jr.)* returns to his home in Wales where he is met by his father, Sir John *(Claude Rains)*. Inside Larry briefly meet his boyhood friend Paul Montford (Ralph Bellamy), now chief constable. Later Larry wanders down into the village and in an antique shop encounters an interesting girl (Gwen Conliffe: Evelyn Ankers) and an interesting cane with a gleaming silver head. "A wolf," he observes, examining the head; "a wolf & a star. What does that mean?"

The late Claude Rains takes the long view of things as he sights thru his telescope while Lon Chaney Jr. makes adjustment.



Maleva the clairvoyant Gypsy who sees tragedy ahead for Larry Talbot. (The late Maria Ouspenskaya.)

"It's a rare piece," explains the girl, "showing a pentagram, the sign of the werewolf—a human being who at certain times changes into a wolf. An old poem says:

Even a man who is pure at heart and says his prayers by night, May become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright."

"What's this pentagram business?" asks Larry.

"Every werewolf is marked by that. And he sees it in the palm of his next victim's hand." Intrigued, he buys the cane and departs.

Later, Larry talks to his father and about werewolves. To his surprise, Sir John recites the same rhyme as Gwen Conliffe.

Larry manages to persuade Gwen to go with him to a nearby gypsy camp. To his dismay, Gwen brings her friend Jennie Williams (Fay Helm). While walking thru the mist-shrouded forest, Jennie pauses at a small shrub—wolfbane! She plucks some blossoms. They resume their journey thru the spectral forest. At the gypsy camp Bela the gypsy *(Bela Lugosi)* greets them and offers to tell their fortunes. Jennie enters the wagon first. Bela looks at the cards Jennie has chosen, then glances up worriedly. He tosses the deck aside, burying his face in his hands. "Your hands, please," Bela manages to smile. "Your left hand shows your past—your right hand shows your future." As he gazes into her right palm, he is paralyzed with horror



Four years passed between these 2 make-ups! TOP, we see JACK PIERCE in 1945 at midway mark in creating grisly visage for "Larry Talbot" (LON CHANEY JR.) in Universal's HOUSE OF DRACULA. "It required more than 4 hours to complete the job of attaching the *yak* hair to cover Lon's face," remembers JACK. In the BOTTOM pic, taken in '41, PIERCE combs hair of THE WOLF MAN, one of his greatest creations.



FAMOUS MONSTERS' BONUS PAGE FOR WOLFMAN FANS













& fear—for *the pentagram slowly materializes in Jennie's palm!*

Terrified, Bela leaps up, knocking over his chair, and with a wild cry sends the frightened girl out of the wagon in a panic-stricken run. Nearby, Bela's mother Maleva (Marie Ouspenskaya) watches the scared girl flee and realizes it is The Time. Suddenly a blood-curdling howl rends the mist of midnight echoing ominously thru the forest, pursuing Jennie in her flight. And then Jennie screams. Larry whirls about at the two strange cries. He recognizes one as Jennie's voices and instantly bounds away. "Stay here!" he calls back to the terrified Gwen.

He comes upon a fearsome scene: a frothing wolf with blood on its fangs, tearing at Jennie's fallen body. Larry seizes the beast, holding its growling head in one hand while he beats it frantically with the silver-headed cane. As the animal's crimson-stained claws slash at him, Larry strangles the beast, pounding his cane into the carcass with heavy blows till the wolf is dead.

But Larry's victory is not without cost—he is severely wounded. He stumbles away from the beast, gripping his pain-throbbing chest, and falls unconscious. Gwen & Maleva find Larry at the same time and Gwen tells the old gypsy what has hap-



Larry Talbot thinks of his future with fear after what Maleva told him.



Sir John Talbot, father of Larry, ties him to a chair—hoping this will keep Larry from further killing if he changes into the hairy one.



"Your way was thorny," Maleva tells mortally wounded wolfman who, in death, returns to his normal human appearance.



pened. They help the injured Larry into Maleva's wagon and start for Talbot Castle. Sir John and Paul Montford are sitting before the fireplace, discussing Larry, when the door is thrown open suddenly. Gwen & Maleva bear the unconscious Larry inside, laying him down. Maleva silently disappears as Sir John reaches his son's side. "He was bitten by a wolf," Gwen manages to gasp. "Wolf?" echoes Paul incredulously. "Haven't been wolves around here for years." Larry groans painfully: "Jennie—someone help Jennie . . ."

Suddenly a villager rushes in, panting heavily. "Sir John! Captain Montford! By the marsh—!" he cries. "Jennie Williams! She's been murdered! Her throat . .!"

Montford leaps up. "Show me the spot!" He turns



Master make-up that took hours to apply from the hand of the wizard of horror artistry, Jack Pierce. 11



Claude Rains raises the silver-headed cane of doom that brings death—and release—to his cinema son.

to Sir John. "I'll send Dr. Lloyd, sir." He & the villager dash out as Sir John helps his son upstairs.

When Montford, Dr. Lloyd (Warren William & Frank Andrews (Patric Knowles), Gwen's fiance, arrive at the masrh, they discover Jennie's body, her throat torn out by some large animal. And nearby is the body of Bela the gypsy, apparently beaten to death by the strange silver-headed cane lying nearby. Tbe silver head is in the form of a wolf . . .

In the morning, Larry is awakened as Sir John, Montford & Dr. Lloyd file into the room. "Good morning, Larry," says Montford. Tbere is a moment of awkward silence, then the Constable bands tbe wolf-head cane to Larry. "Is this your stick?"

"Why, of course. That's the one I killed the wolf with." Tbe other become strangely silent. Finally his father speaks up. "Larry—" Sir John besitates. "Bela the fortuneteller was killed last night. They found your stick near the body."



The close-up you asked for: Beautiful Evelyn Ankers, out cold, as bold wolfman looks like he's about to put the bite of Dracula on her.

Before & After. Above, Wolfman menaces Heroine. Below, Evelyn gets her behind-the-scenes revenge.



"I only saw a wolf," Larry insists. "He bit me! Look here." But no mark is visible. "Why—that's funny. It must've healed up." He notices the stares around him. "Don't try to make me believe that I killed a man when I *know* that I killed a wolf!" Montford is disturbed. "We'll talk to you later." Sir John concludes that Jennie was attacked by a wolf; Bela & Larry came to her rescue, but in the confusion, Bela was killed and the wolf *escaped*.

Later that day, Bela's coffin is carried into a crypt by gypsy mourners. Larry remorsefully enters after the pallbearers have departed and stands over Bela's open coffin, regarding the corpse in silence. Suddenly, he hears someone approaching, and hurries to the shadows behind a large pillar, where he watches unseen. It is Maleva who enters and goes to the coffin. She gazes at the still face of her *departed* son and whispers to his outward-bound soul, "The way you walked was thorny, thru no fault of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears surround your predestined end. Your suffering is over, Bela my son. Now you will find peace." Larry's mind aches with the premonition that altho Bela's troubles have come to an end, his are only beginning.

Later, Larry helps Gwen's father clear the antique shop of angry village women who are accusing Gwen & Larry of being responsible for Jennie's death. While Larry is talking to Gwen, *Frank* Andrews, gamekeeper for the Talbot estate, comes in with a dog on a lesh. The pet takes an immediate dislike to Larry, and Frank takes it outside.

In the evening, Frank & Gwen encounter Larry at the gypsy camp. They stage a spur-of-the-moment contest at a shooting gallery, which Larry loses when he is unable to fire at a target resembling a wolf. Disturbed, he leaves the other two and wanders off alone. As he makes his way thru the forest, Maleva's soft voice calls out of the dimness of a tent. "You've been a long while coming. I expected you sooner."

"I remember you," Larry says. "That night—and in the crypt." He follows her into her tent, almost against his will. She sits down at her table before a crystal ball. Sternly she says, "You killed a wolf."

"Well," he responds uneasily, "there's no crime in that, is there?"

"Bela became a wolf, and you killed him. A werewolf can be killed only hy a silver weapon—" Her eyes fall on the heavy cane. Larry leaps up. "You're insane! I tell you I killed a wolf!"

Maleva holds out her hand, a small object dangling from it. "Take this charm—the pentagram, the sign of the wolf. It can break the evil spell—for you were bitten by Bela. *And whoever is bitten by a werewolf and lives becomes a werewolf himself.* Wear this charm over your heart, always."

"All right! All right, I'll take it! What's it worth to you? I'll give you . . ."

"Go now!" Maleva commands. "And Heaven help you!"

Larry meets Gwen. As they walk, Gwen glimpses the charm Larry is wearing and asks what it is. "That's a charm from the old gypsy woman," he replies, handing it to Gwen, who gasps, "The pentagram!"

"Yes," admits Larry with a strange chill. "She said that—*I* am a werewolf!"

"Oh, but surely—why, you don't believe . . ." she falters. "Gwen," he declares, "I won't need this." He hangs the charm around her neck. "I want you to have it. It'll protect you."

"Protect me? From whom?"

"From me . . ."

Suddenly there is a loud clattering of boxes being loaded frantically into the nearby gypsy wagons. Larry turns. "Why, the gypsies are all leaving!" he observes. Gwen darts away. "I must go, too!"

Larry catches one of the gypsies by the arm. "What's all the excitement?"

"There's a werewolf in camp!" the frightened gypsy replies.

Stunned, Larry now feels there may be some truth to Maleva's words. He races away into the depths of the forest back to Castle Talbot. With a quick glance up at the moonless sky, he bursts inside and dashes to his room. His heart pounding, he flings himself into a chair and tears off his jacket. Feeling strange pains in his feet, he quickly removes his shoes & socks. More strange pains & unknown sensations sweep over his body and he turns his gaze to the open window. The newly-risen full moon shines in, bathing him with its brilliance. His eyes become glazed—and the mind of Larry Talbot vanishes. Coarse gray hair covers his feet & legs and the bones of his feet alter their shape. His nails become claws.

The Wolfman rises, pacing from the room on its padded paws.

A hunched figure creeps thru the brush in the graveyard, crouching silently in the shadows behind a large oak. The Wolfman raises its head above the gnarled branches and gazes at its newfound prey.

A few yards away, standing unsuspecting & unprotected in the open moonlight, Richardson the grave-digger pauses in his midnight occupation. The Wolfman springs out of the darkness, hurtling the unprepared sexton to the ground. The monster, its fangs dripping the still-warm blood, howls at the moon victoriously, and the bloodcurdling cry echoes ominously across the countryside. The sinister sound brings the townspeople, led by Montford, to the graveyard, but they are too late to save Richardson: he lies dead, apparently a victim of *a* wolf, for the imprint of padded paws are found in the soft earth of the newly-dug grave.

In the morning, Larry makes as if from a nightmare and looks about frantically, clutching at his chest. He tears open his shirt, revealing a pentagram where he had been bitten, and he gapes in bewilderment. Confused, he arises and is confronted by the unexpected sight of wolf tracks, leading from the window to his bed; he desperately rubs them out. He dresses quickly and goes downstairs to find his father. Sir John says solemnly, "Richardson the gravedigger was killed last night. The tracks of a wolf lead up to this house." Larry asks hesitantly, "What is this story about a man turning into a wolf?"

"You mean a werewolf?" His father ponders. "Well, it's an old legend. You'll find something like it in the folklore of nearly every nation. The scientific name is *lycanthropia*."

Larry is extremely disturbed, almost trembling. "I can figure out anything," he says, pacing the room, "if you give me electric current, tubes, wires, something I can do with my hands—but these things you can't even touch!"

That night Montford, Frank & the villagers set traps and begin their hunt, carrying powerful rifles. Unknown to them, the Wolfman silently pads thru the forest nearhy, its fur bristling from the chill of the dank air. Crouching in a lupine position, it lopes across the damp earth, pursuing the scent of its prey.

Suddenly, the Wolfman plummets forward on its face, snarling in pain—its ankle is clenched tightly in the jaws of a trap. It snorts, crawling and thrashing about helplessly. It writhes in agony, finally collapsing from exhaustion.

The ancient Maleva drives her wagon thru the forest, having anticipated what would happen; at last she finds the fallen beast. She hurries to its side, examining the trap. The Wolfman is still unconscious. Maleva bends over it, murmuring the words she pronounced over Bela's coffin. Gradually the Wolfman's ghastly features begin to disappear, replaced by the relaxed face of Larry Talbot. He awakens to find the maternal Maleva standing over him. Larry is terrified & puzzled by his pre-

dicament. He pulls the iron jaws of the trap open with great difficulty, staggering to his feet. "Hurry!" warns Maleva. "The dogs—they are hunting you!" Larry looks around furtively and limps away as quickly as his injury will permit. He painfully makes his way to the antique shop where he awakens Gwen. "I'm going away!" he tells her. "Oh, let me go with you!" she pleads. "You wouldn't want to run away with a murderer, would you? I killed Bela; I killed Richardson!" he sobs. "There's no telling who'll be next! It might even be—" He looks down at Gwen's hand, held tightly in his, and gasps in horror—for in her palm, a pentagram materializes! He backs away, terrified. "Your hand . . ." he whispers. "No—NO!! It's no use!" he screams, and bursts out the door.

At Castle Talbot, Larry frantically babbles his story to his disbelieving father. He tells of Bela's death and Maleva's warnings, and of the pentagram in Gwen's hand; he declares he must get away. His father explains that the men are hunting for and will soon find the wolf. To reassure Larry, he leads his panicky son back to his room and straps him in a chair. "Now you'll see that this evil thing you've conjured up is only in your mind!" Sir John starts to leave but Larry calls out, "Dad? Take the cane with you. Please!" Sir John takes the silver-headed cane and departs. He locks Larry in the room, intent on disproving the existence of werewolves to his son—and himself.

Montford surveys the bloodhounds & hunters who lie in wait for the "wolf". Sir John, carrying the wolfcane, joins the group, and Dr. Lloyd inquiries. "Did you give your son a sleeping pill? I wanted him to sleep thru all this hullaballoo." John barks, "And *I* want him cured—tonight! In the morning he'll have conclusive proof it was all in his mind. I strapped him to a chair—turned him to the window so he'll see something of the hunt." The doctor frowns. "I hope you won't be sorry."

Sir John stands in quiet thought a moment; then, gripping the cane tightly, he rushes away thru the woods back toward the Castle. He encounters Maleva, who taunts him about his indecision, when suddenly shots ring out. Sir John hurries toward the sound of the guns.

Not far away, creeping thru the twisted bushes near the marsh, is the transformed Larry Talbot—the Wolfman, once more searching for prey. Where the Constable's bullet struck, no wound is visible.

Gwen fearfully enters the scene, meets Maleva. "Have you seen Larry?" Gwen asks, trembling. "I've got to find him."

"Come with me," says Maleva, "or he will find *you!*"

Gwen rushes away in horror. The Wolfman growls, only a few yards away, scenting the aroma of warm flesh. Sir John catches a glimpse of Gwen as she dashes thru the forest, and he pursues her, thinking she will lead him to Larry—or whatever Larry has become. The Wolfman crouches in the shadows, awaiting Gwen. At last she runs past it, and it springs fiercely out from behind a tree, *attacking* her. The Wolfman clutches its furred claws about her throat, choking her, and she screams . . . struggles . . . faints.

Sir John arrives suddenly. The Wolfman leaps at him ferociously. Sir John battles with all his strength. He beats the Wolfman with his cane and the two are hurled to the ground, wrestling furiously. Sir John, summoning his last ounce of strength, manages to rise and pound the cane at the fallen Wolfman. Soon all is still.

Sir John looks down at the battered night creatures; as he watches, the features of the Wolfman begin to vanish, melting back to the visage of Larry. Maleva approaches from the shadows and bends over Larry, whose face is contorted by pain; she whispers again the soothing words she recited over her own dead son's body. When she finishes, Larry's face assumes a look of utter peace. His father's expression is one of mixed pity & thankfulness.

Montford concludes: "The wolf must have attacked her and Larry came to the rescue."

The river of strife has run its course . . .

END

IN LOSING HIS LIFE, LARRY REGAINS HIS SOUL - - -

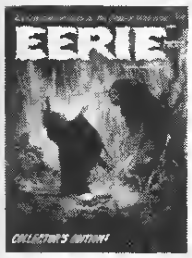
AND IT IS FOR THE WOLFMAN A WELCOME DEATH!



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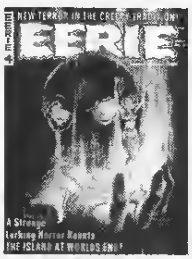
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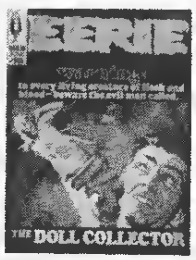
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YOU AXED FOR IT!



Quite a few of you have taken us ta task because Tar Jahnsan hasn't been seen as frequently in our pages as he used ta be. So here he is again, in a scene from THE LADY IN THE IRON MASK (20th-Fox, 1952.) Tor's new ane is THE BEAST OF YUCCA FLATS.

Send your requests to: Dr. AX, Famous Monsters 22 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Then, watch for YOUR name and YOUR request!



For DON BENNETT, JON BERRY, OLLIE PARKER and other CHRIS LEE fans, this foto from *THE MUMMY* (1959).

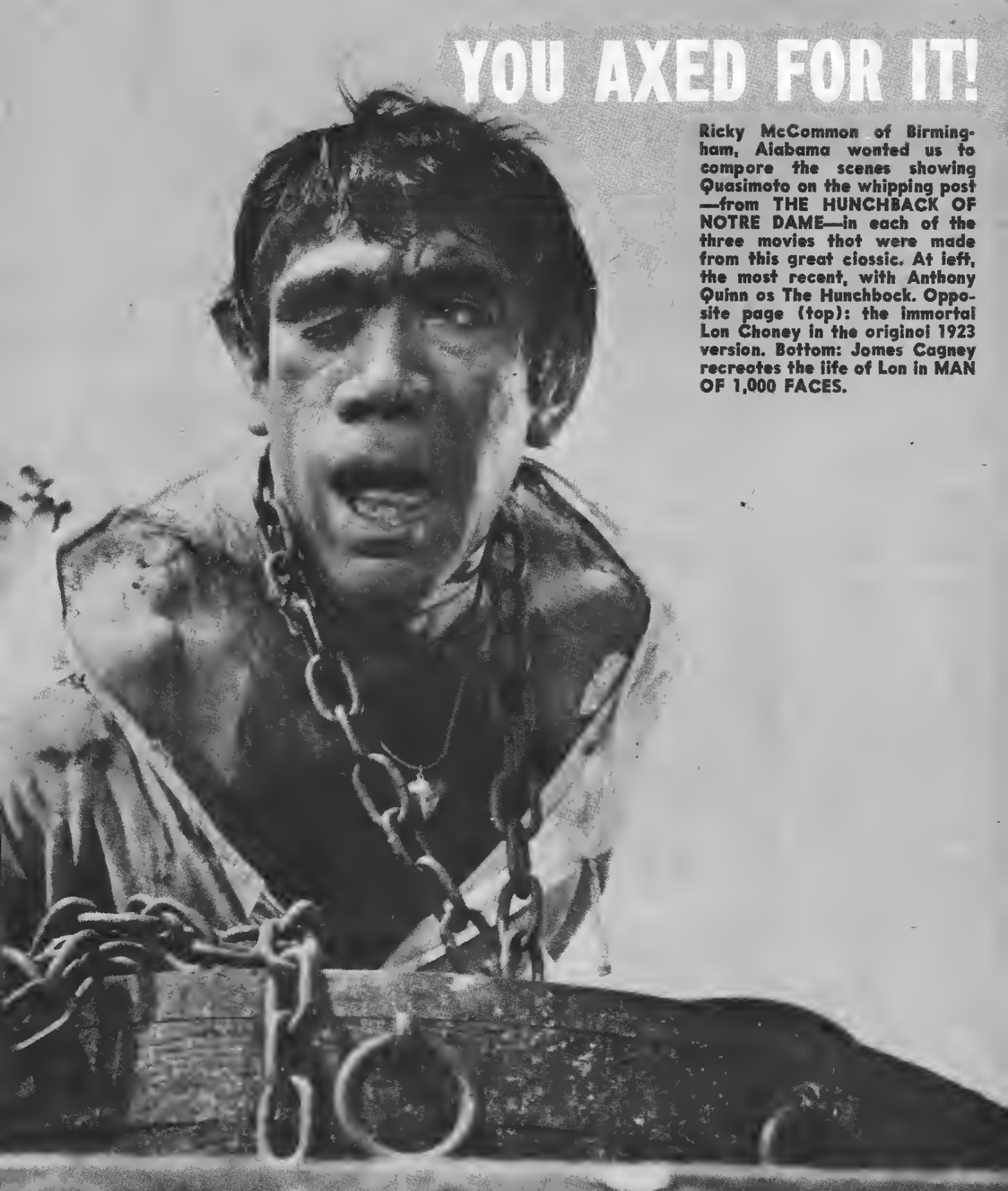
For BEN SLATER, LEN CHAPMAN & TOD CARNELL the star with the scar-face from *CIRCUS OF HORRORS*: ANTON DIFFRING.



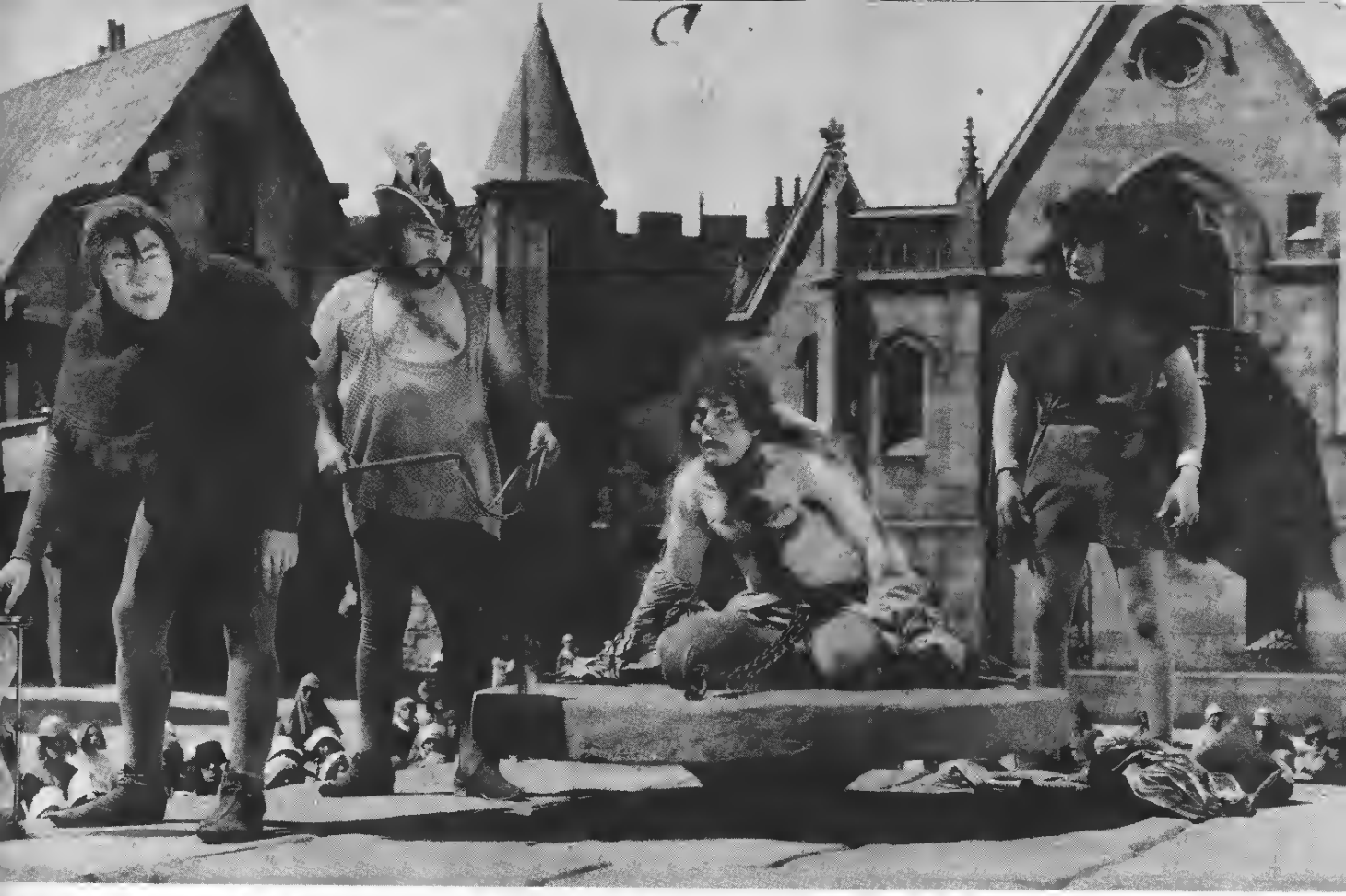


An extremely rare phata af a Frankenstein Manster mast peaple have never seen—DON MEGOWAN as The Manster in the Hammer Films TV series TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN far TOMMY MORAN and MICHAEL BANKS.

YOU AXED FOR IT!



Ricky McCommon of Birmingham, Alabama wanted us to compare the scenes showing Quasimoto on the whipping post —from THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—in each of the three movies that were made from this great classic. At left, the most recent, with Anthony Quinn as The Hunchback. Opposite page (top): the immortal Lon Chaney in the original 1923 version. Bottom: James Cagney recreates the life of Lon in MAN OF 1,000 FACES.





YOU AXED FOR IT! Continued



Bela Lugasi lives an in the memaries af his myriads af admirers, a few af wham are Hape Beena, Bill Obbagy, Margaret Alderby and Edythe Eyde. Here he is shawn in a scene fram SCARED TO DEATH.

Far Henrietta Kamdais af Three Rivers, Calif., a laak at a CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN, Columbia Picture af 1955 starring Richard Denning.



MEAL WI MONSTE



"I'll bite!" said Boris Karloff. And why not?-a blood red stake had just been placd before him (freshly drawn from the heart of a vampire trapped at dawn). Now read all about King Karloff's weird lunch!

BORIS KARLOFF HAS A WRITER FOR LUNCH-SURPRISE-THE AUTHOR LIVES TO TELL THE TALE. EXCLUSIVELY TO FAMOUS MONSTERS READERS...

IT *should* have been raining—if not a downpour, then a mizzling, foggy rain at the very least. The sky should have been riven by ominous lightning as I hurriedly mounted the steps of the Villa Frascati on Hollywood's Sunset Strip for my appointment with Doctor Frankenstein's creation, with this cold-eyed mandevil, whose massive, monolithic name weighs like iron on the tongue: KARLOFF. In justice, the weather should have matched this frightful name—yet the buttery California sun flared as serenely as ever above my head as I moved across the outdoor patio toward my destiny.

I entered, the door hushing closed behind me. Ah, this was more fitting: a castle gloom, a menacing semi-darkness, which promised evil. A tall figure materialized from this gloom, and I instinctively steeled myself. A deep-toned voice I immediately recognized from half-a-hundred horror films said: "It seems that the last of our party has arrived."

the shock of meeting

Boris Karloff stepped into clear view, and it was shocking to observe his neat, razor-pressed gray business suit, his carefully-combed white hair, his affable smile. No monster this; no shambling figure from a cinema nightmare—simply a distinguished British gentleman intent on shaking the hand of a late arrival.

HA



author
William F. Nolan



"Where monsters are concerned," says this article's author, "it takes one to know one." Nolan speaks with authority for he recently completed a screen acting stint as "monster" Bart Carey in Roger Corman's cinemadaptation of Charles Beaumont's THE INTRUDER. "This is not the usual brand of horror one has come to expect from the Corman-Beaumont camp," Nolan informs, "but it does have some inhuman humans in it and I'm one of the 'monsters.' In the course of the film I'm up to all kinds of vile violence as I terrorize an innocent family and go about beating up & blowing up." Veteran sci-fi & fantasy fan Nolan was co-chairman of the Western Science Fiction Conference of 1952 produced *The Ray Bradbury Review* (today a highly prized collector's item) and has a shudder short anthologized in Ballantine's paperback collection *The Fiend in You*.



Waiting was Doug Benton, the ex-associate producer of *Thriller*, the TV series in which Karloff had starred as host. A trio of noted fantasy/horror writers, Robert Bloch, Charles Beaumont & Richard Matheson, were also in our party. Ruth Matheson, Dick's attractive wife, completed the group—and we were all duly seated at a large table on the terrace, Karloff taking the chair next to mine.

The conversation, during that meal at the Villa Frascati, was fragmented and disorganized, in the manner of all such casual luncheon talk—but I soon found that Karloff was an articulate and fascinating individual with a gentle sense of humor, a far cry indeed from the brute creature he had so unforgettably portrayed in FRANKENSTEIN some 30 long years ago.

the sixty-fear dollar question

"Aren't you annoyed when people still tend to identify you with Frankenstein's monster?" I asked.

"Heavens, no!" said Karloff. "I owe my entire career to the old boy. I might still be driving a lorry in London had it not been my very good fortune to be given a chance at that role. You know, I was 45 when I did the part back in 1932—and nobody had ever heard of me. You couldn't exactly say that I was a promising young actor at that age!"

As I looked at him, listening to his measured British voice, it was difficult to realize that Boris Karloff was 75 years old, that he had been acting in motion pictures since 1927 and on the stage since 1910! I mentally reviewed the primary facts about him: London-born, as William Henry Pratt, in 1887, he had been educated in England, mainly at Uppingham and King's College. As a member of Britain's respectable middle-class, he was considered the family "black sheep" after he joined a traveling stock company (under the name of Karloff) when he was still in his early twenties. Landing in Hollywood, he drew scant notice in half-a-dozen minor films—from TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, a 1927 silent serial, to THE MAD GENIUS, with John Barrymore, in 1931. But when Bela Lugosi spurned an offer to portray the mute creature in FRANKENSTEIN this role was given to Karloff, who played the monster again in two sequels. His conception was brilliant and moving; he became a star at 45!

mr. monster

Karloff earned his status as the screen's #1 practitioner of horror in such classics as THE MUMMY, THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, BEDLAM, THE WALKING DEAD, THE GHOUL, THE INVISIBLE RAY, BLACK FRIDAY, THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE BODY SNATCHERS, THE OLD DARK HOUSE, ISLE OF THE DEAD, THE TOWER OF LONDON and dozens more. Karloff raved thru hell-dark hallways; he glared from castle walls; the transplanted brains in laboratories sizzling with man-made lightning; he terrified pure-hearted maidens and defied the hangman's noose. He was strangler, crazed doctor, evil Oriental, ax-wielding executioner, grave-wrapped mummy, fiend and madman; he was Evil incarnate. But never had he surpassed his incredible performance as Dr. Frankenstein's lumbering, scarred creation, with the slitted mouth, the terrible lizard-eyes, deep-sunk under their projecting ledge of bone, the bolted neck, the scar-sewn wrists. . . . To generations of awed moviegoers, Karloff would always be "The Monster".



"As a fiendish grave robber who cheerfully supplied fresh cadavers for medical dissection, Karloff excelled in THE BODY SNATCHERS, an epic of grue based on a classic story by Robert Louis Stevenson."—William Nolan.

a monster's secrets

We talked about the legendary job of make-up which Jack Pierce had perfected for the role.

"It *was* remarkable," agreed Karloff, who had worked with the Universal make-up artist in creating the illusion. "Part of the reason for its frightening realism was the look of *pores* in the skin. Jack achieved this by a special technique in which he carefully built the make-up from layers of cheesecloth. When he was done you couldn't tell where my real face ended and the Monster's began. Took him 4 hours each day just to get me ready for the camera."

I asked Karloff about the recent *Route* 66 TV show in which he again became the Monster for the first time in 25 years. Was the make-up the same?

"Not at all," he sighed. "It was a quick job, with no time to do the thing properly. In that show the Monster was just a distant cousin to the original—which was a pity." He said this with genuine sadness, and it was not hard to believe that Karloff now considered the Frankenstein monster as one considers a long-time friend; affection and respect were in his voice.

lady & the monster

Ruth Matheson dipped into her purse to hand Karloff a photograph. It showed a very realistic replica of the Frankenstein creature with Matheson's 4 children crowded all around it in the style of a family portrait. The smallest girl held the creature's cold, waxen hand.

"Charming!" smiled Karloff.

"They all love the Monster," said Ruth. "We had this taken at the movieland Wax Museum."

"Looks just like the old fellow," nodded Karloff. He paused, then went on. "Amazing thing about children. They have compassion for the



Even the ox-mon's traditional black mask can not disguise the identity af the mon with the bandy legs. From TOWER OF LONDON (Universal 1939).

poor brute. They understood his need to communicate. The children have always pitied him, and it's been this way all over the world, whenever the original film is shown."

Q&A with BK

Beaumont wanted to know why Karloff had deserted the Monster after repeating the role in 2 of the sequels.

"I realized that the quality of the initial conception was rapidly disappearing," he replied. "When they began to play the creature for comedy the spell was broken. I didn't want to go on to corrupt the role."

"Eventually they even had Abbott & Costello meeting the Monster," added Matheson. "Remember?"

Karloff's eyes flashed with anger. "*Indeed* I do!" he said. Further comment was unnecessary.

macabre classic

Over refreshments, we discussed some of Karloff's other films, and he agreed with us that THE BODY SNATCHERS had been one of his best. In this epic of grue, based on a classic story by Robert Louis Stevenson, Boris played a fiendish grave robber who cheerfully supplied fresh cadavers for medical dissection—and who, in turn, became a dissected corpse at the picture's end. In the climactic final scene, during a fierce thunder storm, he came back to life (an old trick of Karloff's) to destroy his murderer.

"You looked horrible in that scene," I said. "Your whole body seemed to be covered with a kind of white phosphorescence. Did they spray something on you?"

Karloff chuckled, nodding.

"What was it?"

"I really can't recall," Boris confessed, "but you can be sure that it was something *foul*."

man of surprises

After dessert, Karloff dug out his pipe and raised his shaggy brows questioningly at Ruth. "Might I be permitted to smoke?"

"By all means," she replied.

I watched Karloff fire up his pipe and thought how surprised his fans would be to discover that this dark fiend of filmdom was a man of old-world charm and careful manners who would not even smoke without the permission of a lady.

"I dote on London," said Boris, leaning back in his chair and exhaling a bluegray pipe cloud. "It's a theater town. Something going on all the time on the London stage."

I recalled that Karloff had played Captain Hook in the Broadway version of PETER PAN. And that he had been a sensation as the wicked Jonathan in ARSENIC AND OLD LACE.

"I did 1400 performances of LACE on Broadway," he told us. "A live audience is marvelous for any actor."

"But didn't you get stale, or simply bored, doing that same play for so many nights?" I asked him.

"Never!" declared Boris emphatically. "Each night offers its own challenge. I even went on tour with that one."

"I recall a couple of horror anthologies published under your name," I said. "Did you actually edit those—or just allow your name to be used?"

"No, I selected all the material myself," he replied. "I was on the road with ARSENIC AND OLD LACE when I compiled the last big book* which came out after the war in '46. The



Gentleman with black patch over his empty eye-socket forgot to leave his hast a tip *lastime* he had lunch with Karlaff. (From Universol Pictures' BLA CK CASTLE, 1952.)

The hunchbacked Colin Clive torments Our Hero in the classic FRANKENSTEIN.

publishers sent me boxes of books while we moved from town to town on the tour—and I would read thru a volume and select a story to go into my collection. It was quite a task but great fun. I think we raised a few goose bumps with that book!"

his current role

Karloff discussed his latest film, THE RAVEN, in which he is starring with Vincent Price & Peter Lorre for American-International.

"Didn't you make a film under that same Poe title back in 1935?" asked Bob Bloch.

Karloff smiled broadly. "This bloody bugger knows more about me than I know about myself," he said, one hand on Bloch's shoulder. "He even remembered me in a frightful thing I did for the silents in the twenties—THE NICKEL HOPPER."

Bloch persisted. "What about THE RAVEN?"

"Yes, yes, I did the first one 27 years ago," said Boris. "But it bears no resemblance to Mr. Matheson's new version."

quoth the raven

Matheson grinned. "I turned it into a kind of horror comedy," he said. "Lorre becomes a fat raven, with feathers."

Karloff laughed, recollecting the scene. "He looked frightfully funny, like a chubby little black bird. Delighted the whole crew."

"Did you enjoy doing this one?" I asked.

"Actually, I enjoy most of my films, and this was no exception," he said. "One catch, however. I was told by Roger Corman, our director, that I must wear this long velvet cape, an



A close-up of Boris without his black mask in THE TOWER OF LONDON.



The King of the Monsters in the mythical magical Make-up Dept. at Universal Studios.

immense garment which seemed to weigh a ton. After dragging the bloody thing around behind for a day or two on the set I approached Mr. Corman and suggested, in my most gracious fashion, that the character I played would look much more sinister and effective *without* the cape. But Roger caught on; he knew why I wanted to get rid of the thing. He just looked at me and said: 'Wear the cape, Boris.' So, that was that."

Karloff admitted that he had turned down a re-make of THE OLD DARK HOUSE, then being filmed in England, because it deviated too acutely from the original picture.

"You made that one back In '32," Bloch added.

"Right," nodded Karloff, puffing steadily on his pipe. "It was from the novel by J. B. Priestley, and I played the fiendish butler who was a mute. I murdered a goodly number of innocent souls during the course of the film as I recall."

"That one had a great cast," said Beaumont.

"Superb," agreed Boris. "Laughton was in it. So was Ray Massey. The new version they showed me in London was simply not to my liking. I sent back the script. Wanted no part in it. After all, I've been in the acting profession for more than half a century. High time to pick and choose my vehicles. You know—" He shook his head. "—I've been in some rather *awful* pictures, switching brains back & forth as mad scientists and what not. When you play a mad scientist you cannot achieve much in the way of subtlety. Still, over the years, I've had a lot of fun scaring people. I wouldn't trade jobs with anybody!"

little black lies

Karloff finished his drink and we all prepared to leave. Ruth looked crestfallen. "What am I going to tell my children?" she asked in a distressed tone. "They *knew* I was going to have lunch with Boris Karloff. I can't bear to tell them the truth about you—that you're really just a charming, lovable gentleman."

Karloff looked pleased at this description, tho amused. Then he fur-



Turned into the insidiaus Oriental arch-enemy af the Western world by the make-up mon's magic tauch, Karloff prepares ta go before the camera in his 1932 stint for MGM, THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, from the navel by the late 5ax Rahmer.

rowed his brow and made a suggestion.

"Why not tell them I *glared* at you all thru the meal?" he said. "Tell them I drank only fresh blood. Perhaps that would help."

Beaumont jolned in. "I plan to tell *my* chlldren that you ordered a baby, well done."

"No, no," Karloff smlled wickedly. "*Under*-done. It's much nastier."

farewell to the master

As we walked down the steps to Sunset Boulevard, I offered to drive Boris back to his hotel.

"Thanks all the same, but it's just up the way a bit," he replied. "I'll enjoy the stroll. Good for the digestion."

He shook hands with each of us, adding: "It's been a pleasure," in his slow British accent. We assured him that the pleasure had been ours.

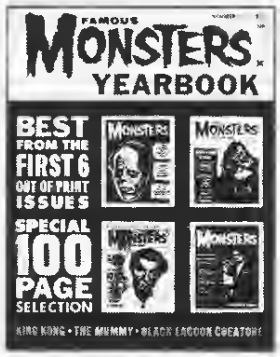
I caught my last sight of him as I drove back to Hollywood, along Sunset. The sun was still shining, altho I thought I saw a wlsp of dark cloud hovering over Karloff's head. But it was probably smog. He turned to wave, then moved on toward his hotel, a gaunt yet still-graceful figure, walking with his famous limp which ls known throughout the world.

The Monster was going home.

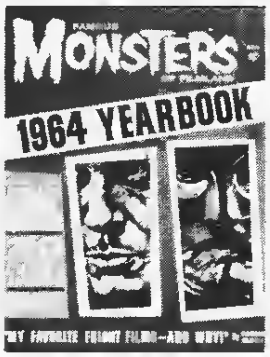
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The impasing figure af Karlaff as he appeared with Bela Lugasi (left) in THE BLACK CAT, which was later re-released in 1951 as THE VANISHING BODY.





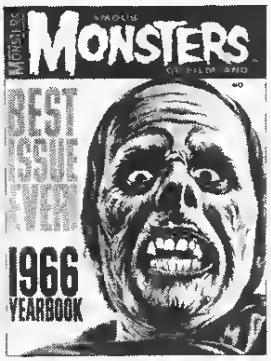
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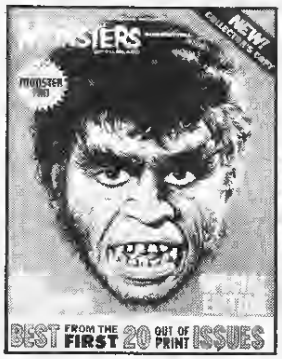
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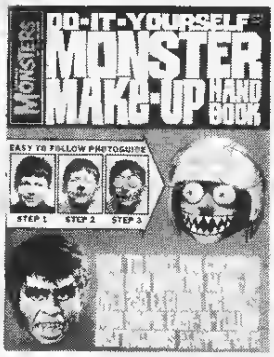
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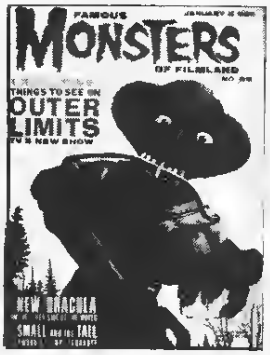
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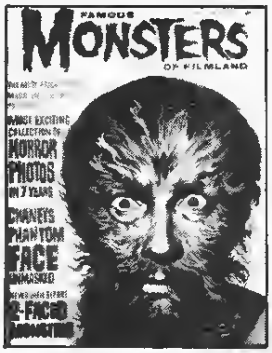
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DO-IT-YOURSELF
MONSTER MAKE-UP HANDBOOK



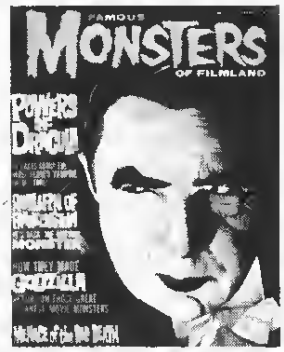
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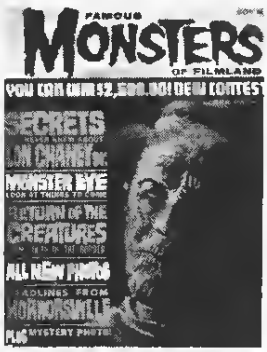
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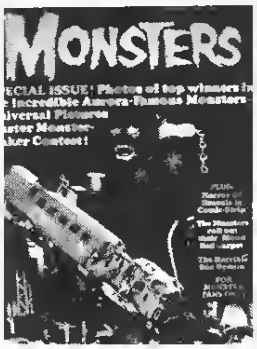
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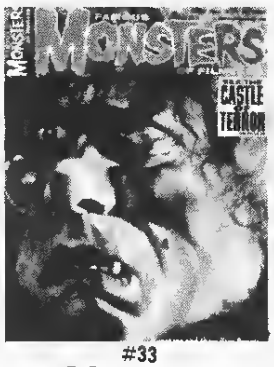
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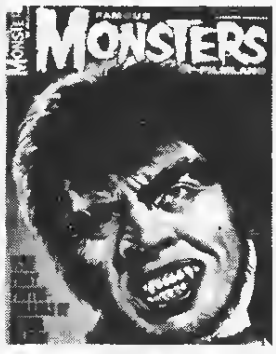
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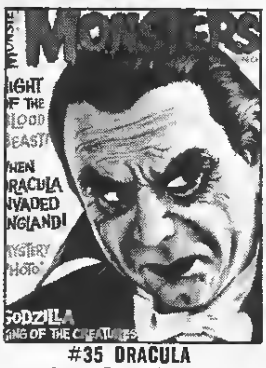
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THE HUNCHBACK



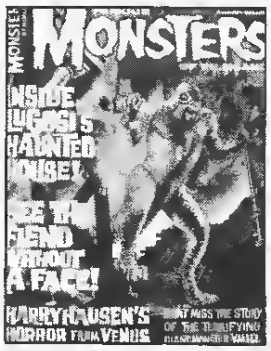
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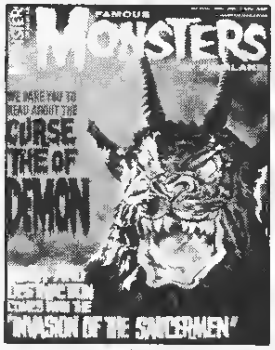
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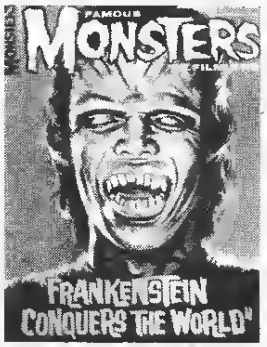
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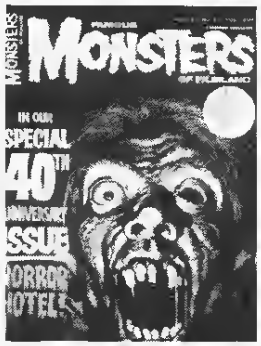
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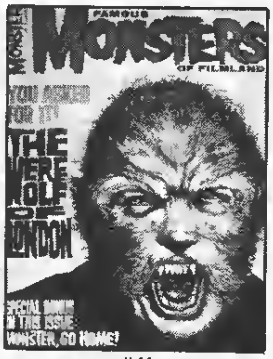
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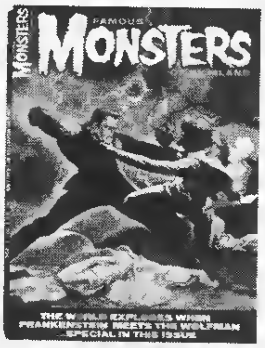
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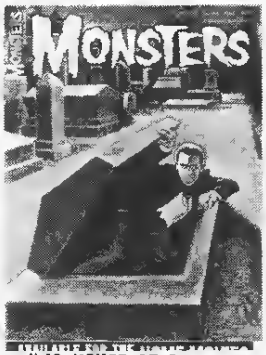
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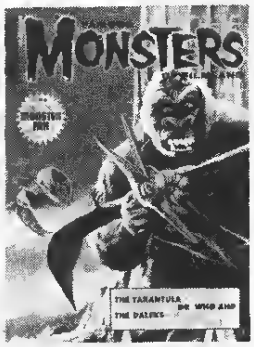
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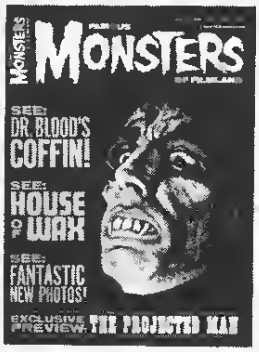
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#43 HOUSE OF ORACULA FILMBOOK



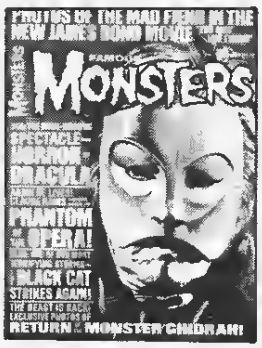
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MYSTERY PHOTO NUMBER 30

PARDON MY HORNING IN!

—But do you recognize me?

I looked in one mirror and it promptly broke.

I looked in onother ond I couldn't see a thing reflected. (But I *know* I'm not THE INVISIBLE MAN.)

Am I the Id from FORBIDDEN PLANET?

The Devil from THE DEVIL & DANIEL WEBSTER?

Lucifer from FAUST or DANTE'S INFERNO?

Beelzebub from ALIAS NICK BEAL?

Soton from BEDAZZLED?

I hope you don't mind my drowing your ottention to something thot's just barely o clue — nothing mountoinous— nomely, thot this picture of me was bosed on the foce & pose of o fomous stor of horrow films, whose stor hos not set even tho he left the stoge of life quite o few years ogo.

So: who am I?



ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 29



In German, "stein" means "stone" so you might say this foto wos of the Fronkenwax monster!

The morvelous likeness of Boris Korloff wos created by moster craftsmon Dick Smith.

First to recognize wos Craig Reordon of Karloffornia.

CURSE of FRANKENSTEIN

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IT'S ALIVE, PAUL! IT'S ALIVE!!
PAUL BECAME DOUBTFUL OF OUR EXPERIMENTS BUT SOON THE THOUGHT INTRIGUED HIM--AS IT DID ME. SO, ONE DARK NIGHT WE OBTAINED THE MAIN PART OF OUR EXPERIMENT INTO THE UNKNOWN---
THERE HE IS, JUST AS THEY LEFT HIM!
THIS HIGHWAYMAN WON'T BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN, TOO BAD HE WAS HANGING SO LONG. THE BIRDS DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME ON HIS HEAD-- I MUST REMOVE IT!!
I TRUST YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
PAUL! THIS MAN WAS A KILLER--- SURELY THIS IS THE GREATEST THING HE HAS EVER DONE-- THE ACID WILL DESTROY THIS IN MINUTES!
THEN ELIZABETH CAME TO MY HOME. SWEET ELIZABETH, WHOM DUE TO A FAMILY ARRANGEMENT WAS TO BE MY BRIDE-- AND INTERRUPT MY WORK AND MY ROMANCE WITH JUSTINE, THE FAMILY SERVANT---


YES, PAUL, SOON MY CREATURE WILL WALK-- ALL I NEED NOW IS A GOOD BRAIN!
VICTOR, I CAN'T CONTINUE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
SOON ELIZABETH WILL BE HERE. ARE YOU GOING TO SUBJECT HER TO THIS HIDEOUS THING? I TELL YOU NOW, I'LL HAVE NO PART OF IT!!
BUT ELIZABETH'S COMING DID NOT STOP VICTOR. HE NEVER VENTURED FROM HIS LABORATORY. AS WEEKS PASSED HE ONLY OCCASIONALLY CAME DOWN TO EAT HIS GOAL WAS GETTING CLOSER--
WITHIN A WEEK I SHALL CONDUCT MY FIRST TEST. ALL I NEED IS A BRAIN!
BUT..
PARDON ME, ELIZABETH, BUT I INSIST YOU LEAVE HERE! IT IS NOT SAFE!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY-- VICTOR IS INSANE? I'M SORRY, PAUL-- I'M STAYING!!
PROFESSOR BERNSTEIN, LET ME INTRODUCE MY FRIEND, PAUL KREMPE!
I'VE HEARD OF YOU, SIR!
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR!
VICTOR, THE PROFESSOR IS TIRED-- SHOW HIM TO HIS ROOM!
SIR, BEFORE YOU GO TO BED-- LOOK AT THIS PAINTING, I THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT!
INDEED!





--VICTOR STOLE INTO THE CRYPT, HE REMOVED THE LID OF THE COFFIN AND BEGAN HIS TASK. MOMENTS LATER, PAUL BURST IN ACCUSING VICTOR OF MURDERING THE PROFESSOR. SEEING THE BAG CONTAINING THE VALUABLE BRAIN, HE ATTACKED VICTOR CAUSING HIM TO DROP THE LEATHER COVERED JAR---





FINALLY AFTER TRYING HOURS OF PICKING BROKEN GLASS OUT OF THE DEAD PROFESSOR'S BRAIN---



VICTOR CONTINUED AS PAUL PACKED HIS BELONGINGS AND PREPARED TO LEAVE.



SOON AFTER VICTOR HAD LEFT THE LABORATORY, NATURE TOOK A HAND IN HIS EXPERIMENT---



THE TERRIFIC CRASH BROUGHT VICTOR BACK TO LAB AND FACE TO FACE WITH HIS CREATION----








THE CREATURE ESCAPED! VICTOR AND PAUL PURSUED HIM TO THE WOODS. WHERE, AFTER A LONG SEARCH, PAUL ADMINISTERED A FATAL WOUND AND LEFT THE NEXT DAY. UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, VICTOR RETRIEVED THE WRETCHED BODY AND RETURNED LIFE TO IT. HE USED HIS CREATION TO KILL JUSTINE, THE SERVANT, WHEN SHE THREATENED TO EXPOSE HIM TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS. MONTHS LATER, ON THE EVE OF THE BARON'S WEDDING, PAUL RETURNED AND VICTOR SHOWED HIM HIS PROGRESS WITH HIS CREATION...
THIS TIME I WON'T COVER FOR YOU! THIS THING HAS MADE YOU INTO A BLIND FOOL!
I WOULDN'T DO IT, PAUL--


ELIZABETH WANDERED INTO THE LABORATORY. THE CREATURE HAD BROKEN THE BONDS AND WAS WATCHING HER FROM THE SKYLIGHT--
YAAAAAAAA
NO! HE'S FREE!
I'LL GET HELP!
EEEEEEK-
I'M COMING!
IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT, VICTOR HURLED THE LAMP SHE HAD CARRIED TO THE ROOF!
CRASH
THE MONSTER WAS DESTROYED IN THE ACID. PAUL BROUGHT THE AUTHORITIES WHO APPREHENDED VICTOR. NO ONE HAD EVER LIVED TO PROVE THE CREATURE'S EXISTANCE, BUT PAUL AND ELIZABETH--WHO DENIED IT'S BEING. THE BARON WAS ACCUSED OF THE MURDERS AND PUT TO DEATH BY THE BLADE OF THE GUILLOTINE!
~FINIS~



Star Trek scores again with realistic [illegible] creature [illegible]

HORSCOPE TOMORROW

monster film news flashes

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD may be the title of the next shock treat from the High Priest of Horrordom, who just phoned *FM* to say that if the deal goes thru, the movie, like his currently chilling TORTURE GARDEN, will consist of 4 weird tales adapted by him for the screen from his treasure trove of past published horror story classics. And "Mr. Psycho" has a million of 'em to draw upon.

All About Halloween: that's the scary story of Ray Bradbury plans to tell in THE PUMPKIN TREE—a biography with brr's in it of Jack O'Lantern and his ghost & goblin, witch & warlock, demon & skeleton & black cat friends. *For* MGM.

Since Rod Steiger won an Oscar, his next picture will get more attention than ever. And fortunately that next one is Ray Bradbury's real fantastic ILLUSTRATED MAN, in which computerized carnivores—miraculous futuristic mechanisms, like something out of "Tom Swift & His Electric Lions"—come to life in *The Veldt* and put a man & woman to death, and Death in a different guise pelts from the skies in an engrossing sequence laid on the veiled planet of mystery, Venus, "the Evening Star".

T'would seem to be the Year of the Brad (and that's not bad) as Ray's #1 fan, William F. Nolan, gets to work on THE FOX AND THE FOREST, "a title," Bill tells *FM*, "which is sure to be changed before marquee time. The story is one of the best of the 18 contained in Bradbury's book *The Illustrated Man* and is a chill-&-chase plot back-&-forth thru time." Meanwhile, Geo. Pal proceeds full steam ahead with exciting plans to make the 21st Century terror tale LOGAN'S RUN one of the Really Big Ones of his career.



In the classic "Carry On, Monster!" tradition, "IT!" carries off the fainted heroine.

FAMOUS MONSTERS SPECIAL SNEAK PREVIEW



The Hollow Leather Horrors of 38,000 Years Hence in BARBARELLA.



Creatures of the Labyrinth in the Weird World of Lythion. (From BARBARELLA.)

OF BARBARELLA

BARBARELLA: France's Female Flash GORDON— Exclusive Plot Preview!!

The year: 40,000 A.D.
The place: the unknown planet, Lythion.
The star: Jane Fonda.
The cost: $4 million:
The excitement: from sources in Italy, France, England, New York & Hollywood, ace journalist Gabe Essoe has pieced together for us this astounding account. Among the brain-warping sights we will see will be:
The incredible (and incredibly evil) tube city of Sogo . . .
The Attack of the Devil Dolls . . .
The Horror of the Hollow Leather Men . . .
The Menace of the Thousand Mad Birds . . .
The Amazing Spider Web Man . . .
The slinky Cat Woman . . . the twiggy Tree Girl . . . the Rock Men . . . the Winged Man . . . the Unicorn Queen—!

futuria fantasia

"Barbarella," says the President of Earth—38,000 years from now—as the film begins, "I call on you to locate and return to Earth the missing scientist Durand-Durand who has disappeared with our most powerful weapon, the Positronic Ray."

Master astronaut Barbarella boards her spacecraft and heads toward Durand-Durand's last known location: New Capri, Venus. But magnetic spacestorms throw Barbarella's ship wildly out of control and she crashlands on Lythion, the Bizarre Planet.

Hardly has Barbarella recovered her wits than she is overpowered and tied up by twin blond Lythians. The unfriendly natives control a group of dolls with shark-like teeth, and these marionettes of death are set in motion against Barbarella. It is Barby vs. the Dolls!

Barbarella is in danger of being eaten alive when she is saved in the nick of time by a space-adventurer. Via a Tongue Box (an automatic translating device of the future) the spaceman introduces himself as Mark Hand and when Barbarella tells him of her mission he tells her, "You can find Durand-Durand in the city of Sogo." But when she attempts to fly there in her crippled craft, it plunges 3000' into the ground and she finds herself in the terrible maze beneath the metropolis.



Meet the Twiggy of the 401st Century!—a Tree Girl, and one of the many amazing treats in BARBARELLA.



Wall People, prisoners of the Tyrant Queen of Sogo. Can BARBARELLA set them free, like Flash Gordon did the Clay People?

terrors of Lythion

Hideous creatures inhabit the labyrinth below Sogo but also a beautiful blond winged man—Pygar, last of the angels . . . and blind. Pygar was born with sight but was deliberately robbed of his visicn by the Black Queen, the Great Tyrant of Sogo.

Pygar rescues Barbarella and as he flies with ber to his nest they are attacked by one of the Tyrant's Black Guards, a hollow leather monster wielding a brutal whip. Pygar crushes the guard with his mighty wings and transports Barbarella to Sogo.

Slinking down a dark street, Pygar & Barbarella come upon a door enigmatically marked *The Ultimate Solution.* Daring to enter, they discover the floor is composed of *mathmos,* liquid life, a mindlessly moving living lake of transparent liquid upon which Sogo is built.

Suddenly more Black Guards attack! Pygar & Barbarella are captured and taken to the Concierge, a fat fiend whose foul face is evil incarnate. The Concierge passes judgment: "Let the wings of the blind angel be crushed." And Barbarella is introduced to the Black Queen, she with the unicorn's horn upon her head, who orders: "Let her be thrown into the cage of killer birds."

the perils of Barbarella

Barbarella is attacked, beak-&-claw, by avian horrors outHitchcocking THE BIRDS. Her clothes are ripped, her skin is torn, and death seems inevitable, when suddenly a trap door swings open beneath her and she slides to safety down a chute into a dark chamber where she meets the head of a group planning revolution against the tyranny of the Concierge and the Black Queen.

Barbarella agrees to help in the revolt. She returns to the Palace of Evil and there encounters the Concierge again. She now recognizes him as the object of her mission from Earth: Durand-Durand!

The Double Durand captures Barbarella and places her in an emotion-stimulating machine where she will die from a short-circuit of sensations but the machine blows a fuse and Barbarella is spared.

Durand-Durand, by now a raving maniac, reveals the secret of the Positronic Ray to Barbarella. "Think of it!" he gloats. "A ray capable of turning living matter into a state of ever-melting perpetual agony—the ultimate weapon! With it I can rule the Universe! And shall!"

the triumph of Barbarella

Blind to danger as he raves of his powers, the Concierge is taken by surprise when Barbarella releases the revolutionaries from their underground prison. They attack the mad would-be Dictator and when he realizes that defeat is imminent he brings his horror-ray into play to kill the rebels.

The Black Queen, fearing capture & retribution, activates a hidden switch . . . and the monstrous subterranean like of slimy *mathmos* engulfs Durand-Durand and all of Sogo like the lava of Pompeii.

As the evil city crumbles, like the climax of THE PHANTOM EMPIRE a generation or more before, Barbarella is winged to safety in the strong arms of Pygar.



BARBARELLA (Jane Fonda) is attacked by devilish dolls in the year 40,000!



One of the terrifying Black Guard whipmen of the evil City of Sogo on a new planet where the life of BARBARELLA is imperilled.



Jane Fonda as BARBARELLA is at the mercy of the Unicorn Lady and those she commands in the greatest cartoon-come-to-life space opera since FLASH GORDON.

The blind angel also inexplicably rescues the unconscious Black Queen. Barbarella does not understand. "Oh, Pygar," gasps the nonplussed spacegirl from Earth, "why did you save her after all the terrible things she's done to you?"

A faint smile plays on Pygar's lips as he utters a line destined to become immortalized like Denham's last words in KONG ("T'was Beauty killed the Beast.")

The great blind blond pinioned god explains why he spared the Black Queen:

An angel has no memory of evil.'

end of barbarella story, news of boris karloffilms

As we go to press, our King has once again come from England and is busy in Hollywood making no less than *four* new fright films. In mid-April *FM* sat setside with Karloff as the camera turned on the following scene:

A cobwebbed dungeon. Skulls & skeletons in profusion. An altar fit for the celebration of a Black Mass. A stuffed bat and a *living* eagle. Two huge hooded figures.

'Action!"' calls the director and the masked men in black stride toward the iron barred door of a prison cell behind which cowers a frightened girl, petrified by terror. She comes to life as the men swing open the gate and seize her roughly. She screams . . . struggles . . . cries out for mercy as they pull her from her cell and drag her toward a sinister destination. "No! Don't! Why are you doing this to me? Please let me go. *Please—!*" she pleads. But to no avail.

When the scene is over, Karloff explains to *FM*: "This one is called THE FEAR CHAMBER. It's far-out science fiction. I have *mountains* of dialog in it—my lord is their mountains to memorize—and I haven't the slightest idea what I'm saying." We sympathize with our 80-year-old hero, and while we wouldn't wish him any extra work, we can only say "the more dialog in a Karloff picture, the better," because who ever tires of his unique & remarkable voice? And whatever it is, when Karloff says it we willingly suspend disbelief.

THE FEAR CHAMBER is going to be a queer one, alright, the kind of weird science fiction, apparently, which one might have found years ago in the pages of *Weird Tales* magazine. Or today in *Eerie!* Forces of diabolism joining hands with forces of superscience, within a volcano where Something



This girl's got the screams, in THE MUMMY'S SHROUD.

lurks, something like the Thing in the pit in THE HAUNTED PALACE, like the sea-monster in 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, a slimy creature with wicked beak, eyes on stalks, a needle-like appendage of death . . .

Immediately after completion of THE FEAR CHAMBER Karloff will make ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE. We riffle thru a copy of the script:

Now the eyes of the dead open, their glazed orbs staring into the shivery moonlight. They slowly sit up. No surprise is shown by the other shadowy figures, all gaunt & emaciated, moving only when they have a task to perform. The dead young man steps forward from his shadowy grave—

Shades of Lugosi's WHITE ZOMBIE!

But Karloff's picture is considerably different. In it he plays Van Molder, and in one scene says:

"One man alone did not build the pyramids. Think what might be done by the combined forces of thousands of human wills, each many times stronger than my own, all directed toward a single goal! If only it can be demonstrated so that all might *believe*, no miracle shall be beyond the power of man. Think of it—a great new world, free from war & pestilence, poverty & hunger. Perhaps even free from . . . death!"

In this one there's something about rock being invested with life, stone becoming sentiment and communicating with a form of intelligence deep within the earth . . .

After ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE Karloff will make two more in rapid succession: THE HOUSE OF EVIL and THE INCREDIBLE INVASION.

Karloffilms completed and still to be released in America: TARGETS . . . THE SORCERERS . . . THE CRIMSON ALTAR with Christopher Lee

There's naught but terror for Zena Marshall in THE TERRORNAUTS, sci-fi color adventure of strange beings from "The Wailing Asteroid".



. . . and BLINDMAN'S BLUFF (made in Spain and referred to last issue as DEATH COMES FROM THE DARK).

last minute flashes

THE ALLEY GOD by Philip Jose Farmer has been optioned!

Theodore Sturgeon is scripting his own MORE THAN HUMAN!

THE STARS MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester is being explored for filming!

Option has been renewed on Horace Gold's A MATTER OF FORM!

Frank (THE POWER) Robinson is working on something about THE STYX for Geo. Pal!

An EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS book is in the works in England!

There's new interest in a new version of Stanley Weinbaum's "The Adaptive Ultimate", done both on Science Fiction Theater and as the film THE SHE-DEVIL!

Special Request: Will all readers who saw THE EYE CREATURES on TV and thought it *very* similar to INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN (in fact, you might say, a remake of the latter) please send a letter stating your opinion to: Forrest J. Ackerman, Post Office Box 35252, Preuss Station, Los Angeles, California 90035. The Editor thanks you—and See You Next Issue! END



Alien spaceman in one of the exciting segments of the million-vote million-volt sci-fi TV series, Stor Trek.

BORIS KARLOFF in his role in THE FEAR CHAMBER photogrophed by FM on the set in Hollywood on 11 Apr. '68. As he looked ot the poster from his most fomous film, he remorked to Editor Ackermon (right). "Just think—37 yeors since I ployed The Monster."



RETURN





believed dead for 30 years, the Mightiest Monster of them all—KING KONG— is resurrected by Japanese filmakers to do battle with . . . Godzilla!



Gadzilla, the Fire Manster, breathes radioactive destructian with every exhalatian fram his fiery maw. While Kang (oppasite page) knacks dawn half af Takya, Gadzilla sets the remainder af it aflame!

King Kong is back & don't ask how because nobody knows. The same way Dracula, done to death by wooden stake or silver bullet or the dawn's early light, still manages to put in one more ghast appearance. The same way Frankenstein's monster survives fatal falls & futile boilings. The same way Im-ho-tep & Kharis, crumbling to Egyptian dust at the count of nine, manage to rise at the count of tana.

So, ladies & gentlemen, in this corner, weighing in at 55 million pounds —KING KONG!

And in this corner, his more slender contender for the crown of King of the Monsters—GODZILLA (only 44 million pounds, give or take a fraction of an ounce, in his stalking feet). Of course, Godzilla, the long-tailed lizard who waddles upright, does have a certain advantage in his nasty breath—it's fiery & radioactive.

kong comes back

King Kong, who as every schoolboy from here to Pellucidar knows, died at the base of the Empire State Bldg. in 1933; but in 1963 he is mysteriously found alive about 62 miles south of Bougainville in the Solomon Islands, specifically, not on Skull Island, but on Faro Island. This is not the son of Kong, mind you, nor even his grandson, but the granddaddy of 'em all, the one & only original & indestructible KONG.

One nite during a thunder & lightning storm on Faro Island, a roar mightier than even the thunder is heard. Kong appears & allays the fears of the islanders by eliminating an oceanic enemy which bad been troubling them: the natives had been growing restless over a 164' octopus which had been capsizing too many of their canoes, then putting the squeeze play on the damp warriors who get dumped.

As a reward for ridding the islanders of the menace of the super-octopus, Kong is treated to some fine red vintage Faro wine, which makes him groggy. While Kong sleeps, some daring individuals bind the king on a huge raft & by cargo boat tow him towards Japan.

As the raft approaches its destination, the drugging effects of the drink wear off and Kong awakens to find himself a prisoner. As this does not suit his temperament, be struggles mightily to be free & succeeds in bursting bis bonds.

Causing miniature tidal waves to preceed him, he wades ashore.

Godzilla, who has been on ice up in the Arctic since last we saw him, thaws out of his iceberg apartment wben a nuclear submarine gets too nosy. After sighting sub & sinking same, with unerring homing instincts Godzilla beads south from the Bering Straits and, skirting the coasts of Kamchatka and the Chishima Islands, he enters Japan
GODZILLA moves south!
KING KONG moves north!

As helicopters hover & ottempt to gun down & bomb the great behemoths, Kong & Godzilla roor their mighty defiance ot each other.

The Battle to the Deoth otop Mt. Fuji. Kong kicks a huge boulder into the reptilian face of his prehistoric enemy. In the American version, Kong overcomes Godzillo.



Natives along their path move OUT. They nearly meet, much to the distress of the citizenry thereabouts, in Tokyo. Needless to say, Tokyo comes in for another spectacular beating.

But the final 'knock-down-drag-'em-out battle of the behemoths is reserved for a spot where they can really throw their weight (a combined 99 million pounds) around. With the wild animal's instinctive sense of danger, each feels that a deadly enemy is nearby & they seek each other out & meet at Lake Chuzenji in Nikko. After a preliminary sparring match they head for the summit of Mt. Fuji itself & it is there that the climax of the picture (running time: 99 mins.) takes place.

In the words of the producers: "Their roars & bellows rend the air & the ground shakes as in an earthquake as we witness the gruesome & frightening scene of the 2 largest monsters in existence gripped in a life & death struggle."

Does King Kong best his saurian adversary or does Godzilla prevail over the mammoth ape?

MONSTERS lets you in on a secret: 2 endings have been filmed & if you see KING KONG vs. GODZILLA in Japan, Hong Kong or some Oriental sector of the world, Godzilla wins! On the other hand, in the USA & England, for instance, Kong wins!

END

NEW! "IRON-ON" MONSTERS

The newest way to "Monsterize" your shirts, T-shirts, sweat shirts, jeans, jackets, notebooks—anything! Each "Iron-On Monster" is in FULL COLOR, 11" high and 7½" long, and completely washable. Can be pressed onto cotton, linen or woolen materials. Just place heated iron on top of the monster design—and it automatically transfers onto your shirt, jacket, etc. Any two "monsters"—only $1.00.



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FRANKENSTEIN



CREATURE



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WOLF MAN



MUMMY

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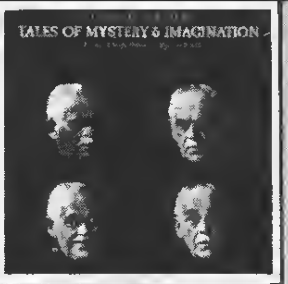


FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK

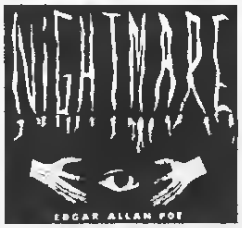
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YOU ARE DR. FRANKENSTEIN—for only you can bring his horrible creation back to life . . . through the magic of this real-as-death high fidelity recording! And more! You will also bring Count Dracula back to life! You will hear this human vampire. You will almost feel him as he reaches out for you. This is a collector's item, available in limited edition. Order Today! Only $1.98.

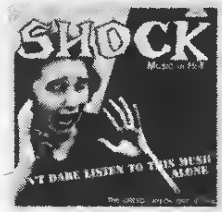
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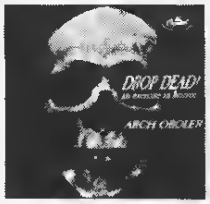
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On any Wednesday night in the late 30's and early 40's, when radio was king, the lights would be on in my house and the radio tuned to a program called "LIGHTS OUT," directed by Arch Oboler, whose talent scared the wits out of America with this blood-chilling series. Here is a sampler of this pioneer of horror that has never been matched. Only $5.98.



CLASSIC TALES OF TERROR to make you shiver in your boots. Be prepared for maniacal action when you listen to these spine-tingling narrations penned by the master of the macabre Edgar Allen Poe. MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE PREMATURE BURIAL, are among these best and most terrifying tales. Only $1.98.



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THE CRAWLING HAND



TURN ON the switch and watch! THE HAND comes to life! THE FINGERS flex as the hand starts to walk across the room. The large ring on the third finger sheds a light of eerie horror over the room. The silent life-like plastic hand, made of latex rubber with a bandaged wrist, stalks across the room and only YOU know where it came from. Only $4.95 plus 50c for postage and handling.

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4D MAN

The Corpse-Making 4-Dimensional Man can walk through walls, but needs the life force of others to keep himself from becoming a modern Mummy. Only $5.95.



WAR OF THE PLANETS

WHAT HAPPENS when a runaway planet plays hookey from stellar space? Another universe calls in a space scientist to stop exploding missiles, end trouble in the skies. This is a truly wonderful space-and-science film . . . one you won't ever forget. So get it today! 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.



WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

A monster of the Atomic Age! A towering terror from Hell! The story of a man trapped in the blast of a plutonium bomb—and the terrible events that followed. Only $5.95.



THE BLOB

Teenagers see what looks like a shooting star blaze to earth. At its landing spot they find an old man writhing in pain, his hand covered with a strange substance. They rush him to a doctor, who watched the substance spreading before his eyes. The Blob continues to spread, & terrorize the town. Only $5.95.



IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPACE SHIP loaded with stellar monsters goes out of control! They land on earth and battle a brave scientist trying to save the earth. Is he successful? This scary film tells you what really happens. 160 feet, 8mm, $5.75.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

AMERICA'S MOST MIRTHFUL COMEDIANS meet the world's most monstrous Monsters . . . and that's where the fun begins. Dr. Jekyll gives Costello a drug, turns him into a monster. Everything goes crazy and Scotland Yard goes mad. Monsters can be fun, and this film is the funniest! 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

THE WHO'S WHO of the MONSTER WORLD team up in the funniest monster film ever made. Imagine Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and The Invisible Man combining their eerie talents to trap Abbott & Costello. They even suggest using Costello's brain for the Monsters. Great fun! 8mm, 100 feet, $5.75.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

THE FUNNIEST COMICS in Hollywood double up for a crazy rocket trip through outer space. Beauties and cuties in Venus tempt them. The runaway rocket ship scares the life out of them. And through it all Abbott & Costello give a hilarious performance that will make you "die" laughing. 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME— THE 3 STOOGES IN 3D

Aside from the special color-filter viewers supplied with the film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen . . . no special projector. Just watch the startling action! Sixty feet of film.



SPOOKS

The Stooges in a hilarious slapstick romp . . . funnier than ever in 3-D. So real they seem to jump right out of the screen. When something is thrown . . . you duck! Only $4.95.

TALES of HORROR

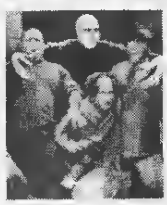


This 3-D Stooge comedy is a wild tale that takes place in an old haunted house. Our 3-Dimensional Stooges are mixed up with all sorts of deadly weapons . . . Only $4.95.



EAST SIDE KIDS MEET BELA LUGOSI

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING as the East Side Kids match their side-splitting stunts with Bela Lugosi's terror-filled action. Featuring Bela Lugosi and the original East Side Kids. Only $5.95.



WE WANT OUR MUMMY

Hired as detectives, our 3 friends take a hilarious taxi ride to Egypt. And when they enter the tomb . . . WOW! Only $5.95.

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GREAT 8MM MONSTER MOVIES!



THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only $5.95.



I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

You asked for it! The companion film to "I was a teenage Frankenstein! Teenage boy turns to horrifying Werewolf who menaces the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film. Only $5.95.



FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's eeriest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 8mm, 140 feet, $5.75.



I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.



REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN

SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, $5.95; Technicolor, $12.95.



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in gharish gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN



In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only $5.95.



KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet. $5.75.



THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.



THE VAMPIRE BAT

Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Wray and Dwight Frye. Full of Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A super-shocker. Full 200 feet, 8mm; $4.95.



THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghastly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.



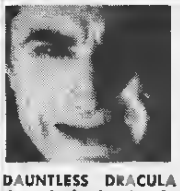
THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.



TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 feet version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. 8mm, $9.95.



BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA

DAUNTLESS DRACULA is at it again, slinking through the London fog for his victims. Bela Lugosi gives one of the greatest performances of his career, in this classic film. Fiends, vampires, screams . . . in this famous film. Add this to your collection . . . it is tops. 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.



Edgar Allan Poe's

TELL TALE HEART

THIS FAMOUS SOUND MOVIE is available, at last, for private collectors. Edgar Allen Poe's creepy, eerie tale of "THE TELLTALE HEART" is a never-to-be-forgotten classic. Here, in 8mm Ultrasonic Sound, you get the original Columbia Pictures film. The incomparable James Mason gives a master narration. You will cherish this film. Order today. 8mm Sound, 200 feet, $11.95 plus 25c for postage

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Original Edgar Wallace version, terrifying and chilling. Promises to haunt you again and again; a real shocker for friends you ask to see it. Full 400 feet, 8mm, $10.95.

LON CHANEY AS THE

PHANTOM of the OPERA



MARY PHILBIN's famous "dungeon unmasking scene." Eerie and unearthly. Famous original movie scene, available for first time in 8mm. Add it to your collection. 100 feet 16MM scene, $5.95.(50 feet, $4.95) Plus 25c postage

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THE BLACK HEART

the wages of evil are--awful



Haad of horror. Tha and of Dorian Grey in the 1945 film version, MGM.



Morticien's wax masterfully molded by tha fab fingers of Dick Smith (TV '61.)

DORIAN GRAY!

What did he do?

Everything bad.

Beside him, Mr. Hyde would have looked like a mischievous teenage prankster.

And yet Dorian Gray got away with "murder". Seemingly. Till the end, the end that was as hideous as that of M. Valdemar.

It has been 20 years, now, since MGM produced (with loving care & horrifying results!) Oscar Wilde's classic novel of the disintegration of a wildly wicked human being.

Horror fans of that time (1945) wondered if they had seen the ultimate when handsome young actor Hurd Hatfield was reduced in the end to a petrifying mass of technicolored horror, almost unrecognizable as something once human.

But then TV producer David Susskind decided, in 1961, to revive the shuddersome story of the ghastly Mr. Gray.

The result?

There are 12-year-old boys walking the world today with gray hair because they saw the terror-vision version of *Dorian Gray* when they were only 8!

There are mothers & fathers with scars on their elbows because they started gnawing their fingernails and couldn't stop.

Seeing is believing.

For you to compare—if you dare—we offer the 3 Faces of Dorian Gray.

OF DORIAN GRAY



One of the most devilish, deteiled, diebolicel pictures ever peinted. Dorien Gray's portreit, by Albright.

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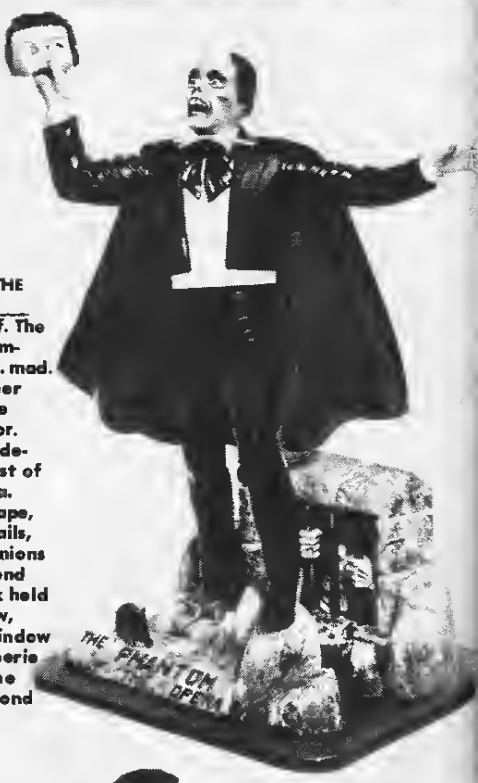
NEW!!! JUST ARRIVED

MOVIE MONSTER

GODZILLA

Monster from a million years ago. Now you can build a perfect replica of this Ancient Terror-Monster. His massive feet smash cities, his fantastic paws are ore always ready to strike with the force of o hurricane.





PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

The mask is off. The mind is now completely gone... mad. Frantic eyes peer out from a face etched in horror. Here is all the detail of the Ghost of the Paris Opera. Dressed with cape, black tie and tails, with his companions the sewer rat and lizard, his mask held high. And below, the dungeon window thru which an eerie face watches the outside world—and screams for revenge.

KING KONG

The first and greatest of them all. Terror of the Ancient World . . . Marvel of the Ages. All can be recaptured when you build this perfect model with all the many details that almost bring King Kong back to life.





THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. As you start to b this greatest of all Monster characters, you will see only the physical ugliness, but the beautiful soul made Lon Chaney's performance a great classic. QUAS MODO, the HORRIBLE, is on the block in the city sq A vicious rope hangs around his neck. His hands ar chains, his throat is parched with thirst. He looks u ghastly fear at his tormentors.

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MODELS

You'll shake! You'll tremble! You'll shudder with delight as you assemble these authentic, life-like kits of the most marvelous monsters that have thrilled and chilled audiences over the past 30 years on the "silver screen." These perfectly scaled model kits are made of styrene plastic by Aurora, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. All models stand 12" tall and come complete in every detail, just as you see them here. Each model has approximately twenty five separate pieces complete with all the exciting touches. You paint these yourself with quick drying enamel, and when you're finished, the menacing figures seem to come to life and look as if they'll start parading around your room.



THE MUMMY—You'll be delighted at the musty smell of old Egyptian tombs. The real life death-like look with fascinate you as you put the Mummy together. BE CAREFUL how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The snake—but you know all about that . . . don't you?



WOLF MAN—In all his gory splendor, arms upraised, ready to clutch his next victim. Complete in every detail, this kit when you assemble it . . . before you run out of the room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF MAN" surrounded by his favorite playmates.



THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON—We dare you to put this one together. Horror-fresh, straight from the water. Assemble with caution so that you don't stab yourself on the razor sharp claws. Watch the head as you attach it . . . sharp teeth.



FRANKENSTEIN—This great model is made up of 25 separate parts. When complete it stands over 12". You paint it yourself with quick drying enamel, and when finished the menacing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the GRAVESTONE base that is part of the kit.



DRACULA—The count of mid-night, hands stretched out in his famous "Terror Stance," looks at you with chilling eyes and grasping hands. Fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree hang two of his favorite bat pets.

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Hurry up and send it! I never thought I'd get this chance to build my very own MOVIE MONSTER. The basement is ready . . . my fingers are itching to get to work. I want a:

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- ☐ KING KONG . . . $1.49 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

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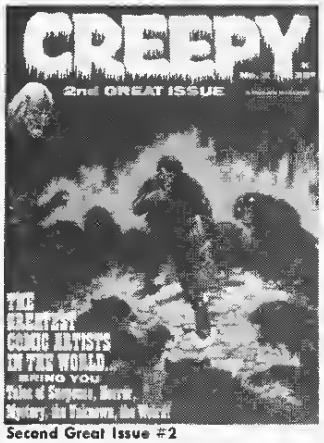
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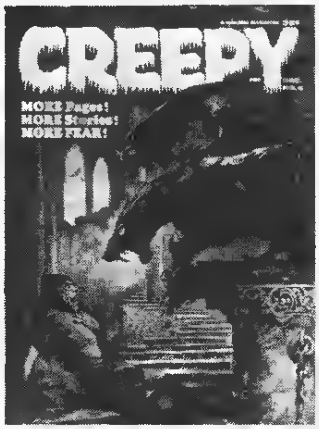
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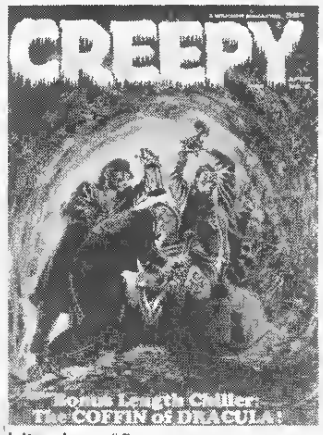
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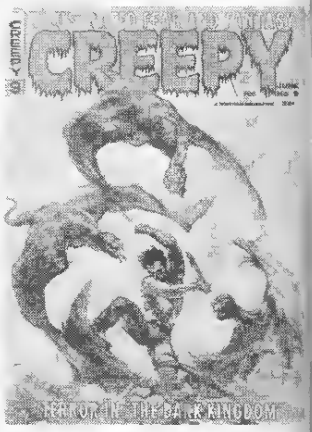
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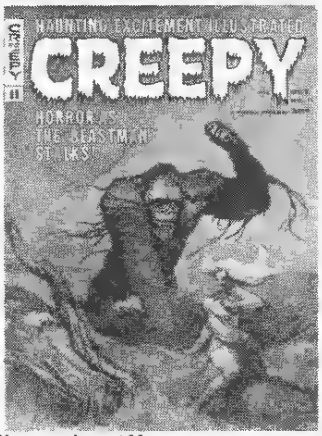
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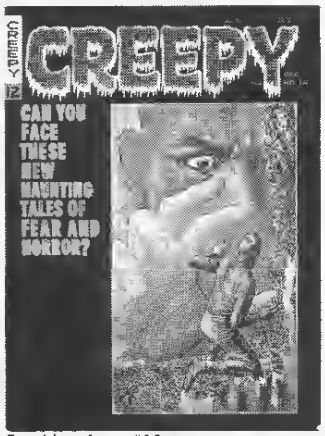
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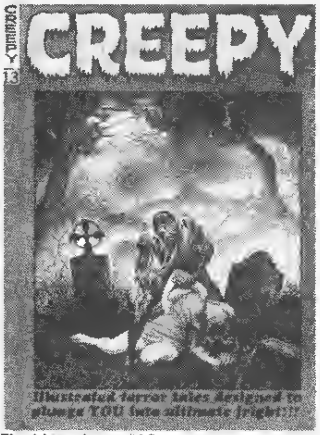
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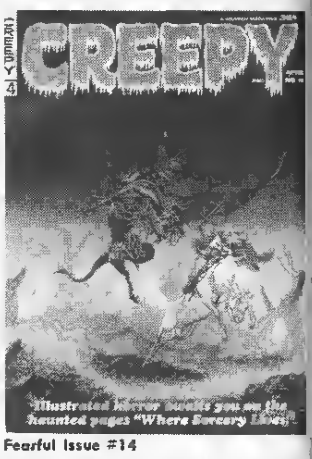
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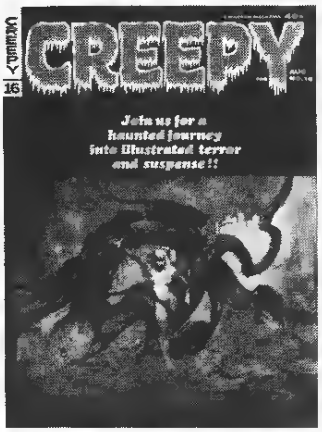
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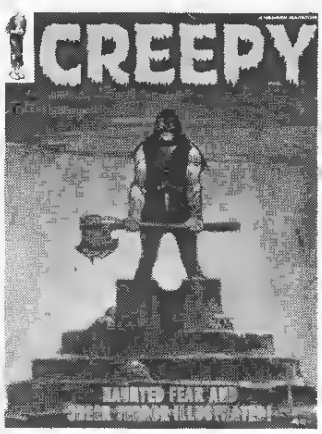
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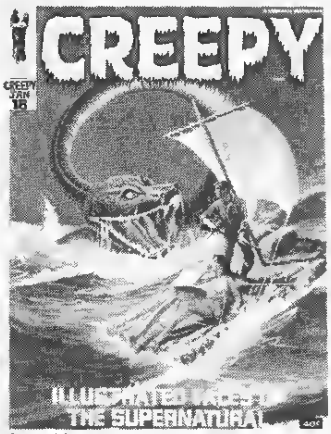
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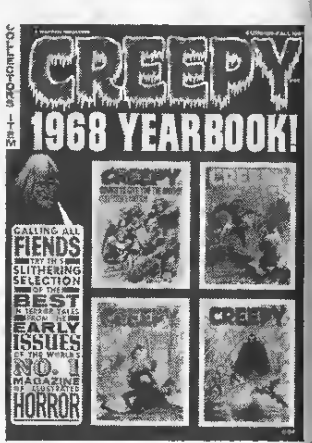
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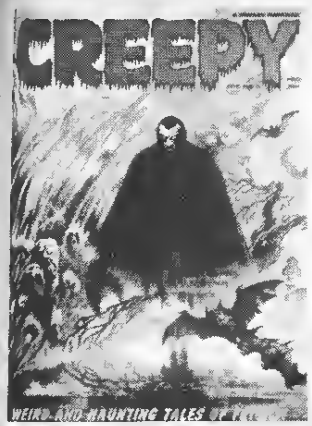
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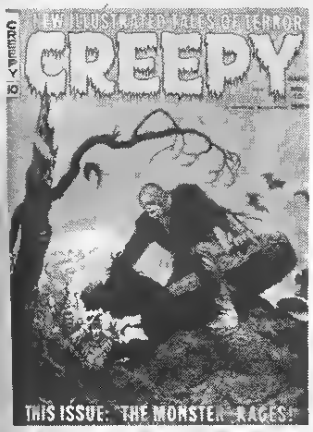
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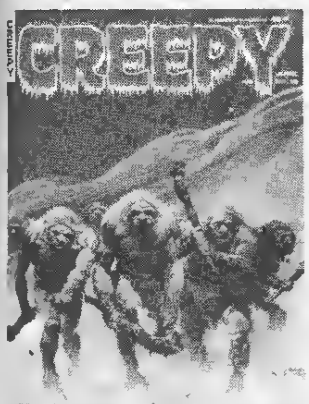
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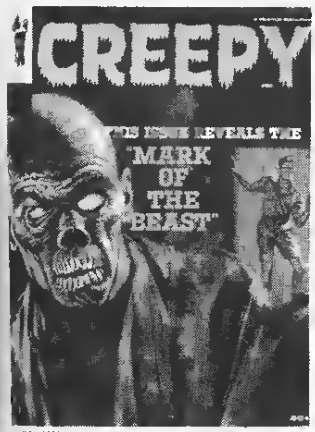
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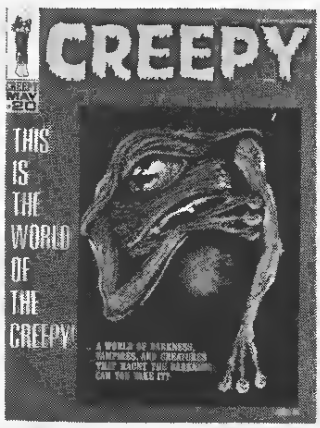
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CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cove

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carrol Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secrets himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in tow, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows, in the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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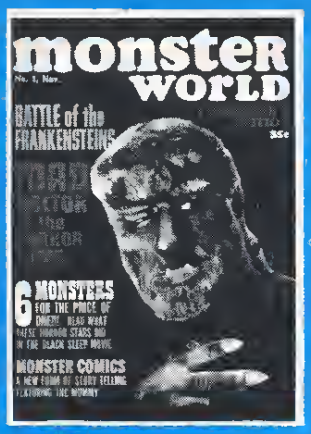
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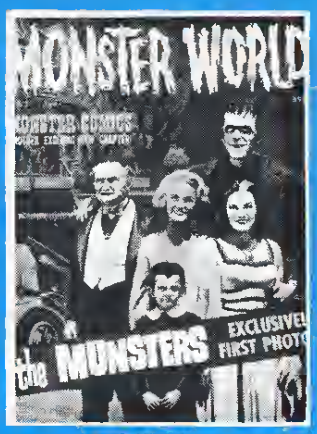
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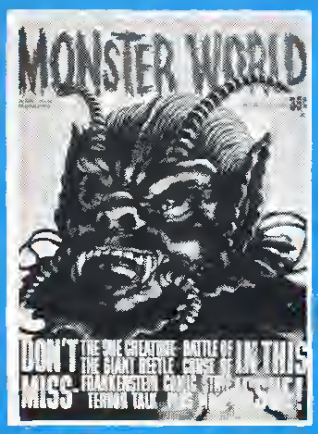
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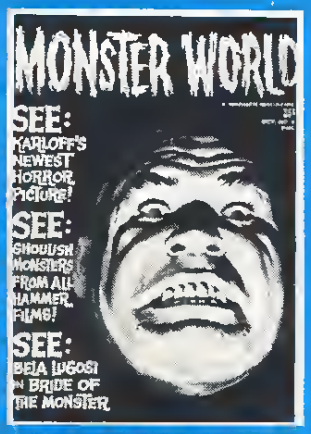
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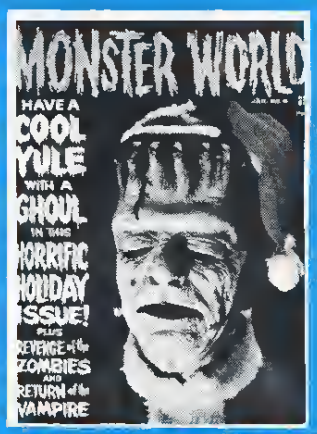
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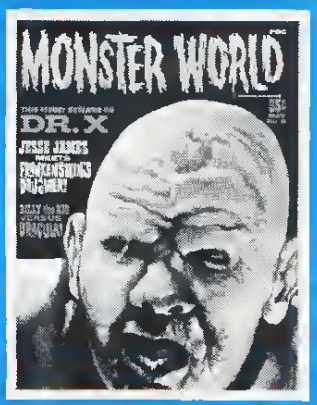
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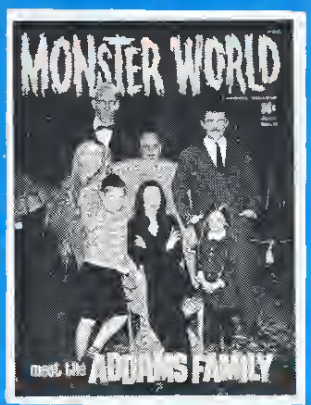
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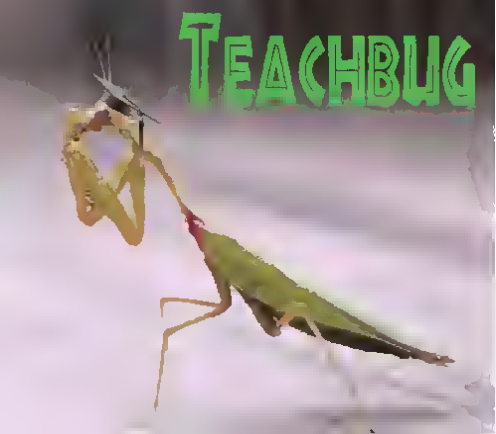
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